

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, APRIL 9, 1887.

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Easter.



"For unto him all live."

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that through these ye may become partakers of the divine nature."

The fool asks, "With what flesh? in joy or pain?
Helped or unhelped? and lonely, or again

Surrounded by our earthly friends?"
I know not; and I glory that I do
Not know; that for Eternity's great ends
God counted me as worthy of such trust,
That I need not be told.

Believing thus, I joy although I lie in dust;
I joy, not that I ask or choose,
But simply that I must.
I love and fear not; and I cannot lose,
One instant, this great certainty of peace.
Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease;
I MUST ARISE.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

God, even our Father, who hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts and stablish you in every good word and work.

EDITORIAL.

THE right of anything takes care of the end of it.

IDENTIFY man with Nature, and you identify Nature with man. "Materialism", thought out, spiritualizes the universe.

"NATURE" names the *Community* of things: "God" names the *Unity* of things: and each is true name when the other is recognized, and neither is true if the other be not recognized.

A MAN can do anything he ought to do, can bear anything he ought to bear. It is not always easy to tell what that thing is,—but that, too, shall gradually open if one simply does the *next* duty to be done.

WHAT a melancholy thing it would be if there were no to-morrow to look toward. To sorrow to-morrow brings hope and a sense of relief. To the happy, more of happiness. The great trouble is that we cram to-morrow into a time bounded by twenty-four hours. The morrow which is so beneficial to all is the morrow which never is completed.

FEAR no hard things,—but *fear* the easy things.

"PERSONALITY is the lever of the world's history", said Bunsen. No: personality is the fulcrum, and idealization—the people's imagination applied to the person—is the lever.

THE heights of the Old Testament or the New—of all Scriptures—are those passages which look towards the identification of morals and religion. Try this test and see if it be not true.

I HATE myself when I find out that I have been thinking a man worse than he is. But a mistake the other way—thinking a man better than he is—does not much matter. Besides, it may not be a mistake!

IT would be a good thing to remember at all times that at every meeting with friend or foe something is added to or taken from each other's life, and equally good to be the one to add to and not subtract from the other.

THE purest delight on earth comes when one we love achieves some surprise of goodness or of grace. It is the joy of discovery, of attainment, of reverence,—these three separate joys in one; and with oneself left wholly out, save as the after-thought occurs, "This is *my* friend."

THE newspapers say that a recent fire destroyed the ancestral home of the family of Confucius, with all its literary and art treasures. In the building, erected 600 B. C., generation after generation of the male heirs of the Chinese philosopher have dwelt in an unbroken line for 2,000 years.

"SELF-REVERENCE is not reverence of what we are, but of that higher nature, which reprobates and condemns and abases us." This brings to mind the following, from Epictetus: "A man who was reproached for doing good to a shipwrecked pirate, answered: 'It was not the man I honored, but mankind.'"

"I AM sure Christianity will endure because it is founded on man's nature, and answers to his deepest, essential, noblest wants," says Channing, in his "Note Book"; and so say we: but that religion which insists on being called Christianity for fear it will not be recognized as such,—is it yet Christianity?

STRANGE to pray through another man, and that a foreigner! "A god"? Strange, then, to pray through a second god to a first God. But strange to pray at all in the sense of petition; you can have all you can take, and can only have it *by* taking. True praying—communion—is like truth-seeing, and has the same laws. It is truth-seeing.

THE election of Mr. Roche as mayor of Chicago, with a majority of 28,000, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. For the first time in our memory partisan issues gave way to moral and practical ones. It was Law, Order, on one side, *versus* a mixture of rash enthusiasm and tempestuous lawlessness on the other. Socialism at its center is a crudely thought-out dream of Utopia, which when eliminated of the crudeness is the gospel of unity, the religion of human brotherhood; but at its circumference it is a rebellious discontent, without either the insight or the grace to see subjective defects or the real encouragements and the slow way forward. Mr. Roche enters his responsible office under enviable circumstances; he is not a mayor of a party, but of a people, and we believe he appreciates the solemnity of his responsibility, and will labor hard, and wisely, to utilize his opportunity.

IN answer to the question asked in a recent *UNITY*, "What is doing in Chicago for deaf mutes?", Alexander Johnson, secretary of the Charity Organization Society, writes us that there is a Catholic school for deaf mutes at St. Joseph's Home for the Friendless, 409 South May st. The third season began September 7th, 1886. There are two teachers and a large suite of rooms. Instruction is given in both methods, namely, articulation and signs. The instruction is free and books are supplied. It is intended, by and by, to add instruction in the arts and sciences.

BANCROFT wrote of his father, the clergyman Dr. Aaron Bancroft,—“Age may have impaired his vivacity; but his last years were serene; and whenever it was discussed whether a man would like to live his life over again, my father always expressed himself so well satisfied with his career that he would willingly run it once more.” How few can make such a remark in good faith. For either we are deplored errors, or grieving over disappointments, or suffering from ambition, because all these feelings stand naked and alone. No one can speak like this clergyman but one who has robed all life's experiences with a humble and faithful piety.

MANY strange and interesting things happen between churches and ministers, which are worthy of psychological study. One of the most singular instances we have met is a story told regarding Dr. Zedekiah Sanger, one of the early Unitarians in this country. It is told that, “When the vote for giving him a call was taken, it was in fact unanimous, though one hand was raised in the negative. When the man who thus raised his hand was asked what he had to object against Mr. Sanger, his reply was,—‘Nothing at all, I voted against him to take off the curse; for the Scripture says: Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.’”

“WHAT is the argument for the Immortality?” This chiefly: There has been much mind, and love and character on the earth,—what has become of it all? *What* has become of it,—that *is* a question! But that it has become *somewhat*.—of that there is no question. “Perhaps it is no longer *you*, a self.” Perhaps not; but how do I know it is not better joy to be a part of a god, or of God, than the whole of a man? or only part of all men, rather than the whole of one? or only a part in the future than a whole in the present? And truly, the only real joy of being at all is in being a part of larger being; if one can get more of that joy by remaining a self, then I want the personal immortality,—and quite surely shall have it; for the best possible will be. “Best Possible” is Nature's other name.

REV. CHARLES ELLIS, in a recent number of the *Saginaw Evening News*, gives an interesting account of Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody and her even more remarkable red sister, Princess Sarah Winnemucca of the Piute Indians, a tribe always friendly and devoted to the whites, both friends and foes—of the latter, alas, they have known most. Should the Indians judge us as we judge others by their treatment of us, we would, I fear, sink far below the Piutes in the scale of all that is honorable and Christian. Mr. Ellis simply tells the story of this red woman, who through untiring zeal and self-sacrifice has not only educated herself so that she is mistress of five languages, and published the story of her people, “Life Among the Piutes”, but has collected the remnant of them together, and on the 160 acres of land given them by Senator Stanford, built a home and school-house where she is trying to lift them into self-helpfulness through culture. In an appeal to her people she says:

“When I were a little girl there were no Indian schools and I learned under difficulty. Your children can learn much more than I know and much easier. There is no excuse for ignorance. * * * A few years ago you owned this great country; to-day the white man owns it all and you own nothing. Do you know what did it? Education. You see the miles and miles of railroad, the locomotive, the mint in Carson, where they make money. Education has done it all. Now, what it has done for one man it will do for another. You have brains same as the whites; your children have brains, and it will be your fault if they grow up as you have. I entreat you to take hold of this school and give your support by sending your children, old and young, to it; and when they grow up to manhood and womanhood they will bless you.”

Through the efforts of Miss Peabody and others, they have fenced in the land and secured the necessary appliances for irrigation, and this year hope to cultivate ninety acres of it. *UNITY* joins Mr. Ellis in an appeal to the hearts and pockets of all friends of culture and civilization for aid to this woman's work. Donations may be sent here, or to Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, Concord, Mass.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, in the *Christian Record*, admitting the limitation of the sermon, the stupidity of the preacher, and all that, still urges what seems to us an unanswerable truth, that the sermon is one of the most potent moral and spiritual factors in society. He says:

“But I say that the opportunity given to the listener, fifty times in a year, to know what a man of experience merely thinks, believes, feels and sees about the moral life of the world, is an opportunity which society cannot afford to throw away. I do not see that society finds just the same opportunity anywhere else. Whom do you know, outside the very nearest friend you have, who fifty times in a year goes to the very depth of his conviction or his feeling, and, from the very foundation, tells you what is? Where do you find, except in the church, the discussion of the life of your time and your own duty, based on the principles which are absolutely eternal? Certainly not in the newspaper press. It does not even pretend to discuss them on such principles.”

MUCH has been said in regard to hero worship in American churches. Perhaps none too much has been said against the tendency to go to church chiefly for the sake of hearing one voice, and the spiritual and mental imbecility that can find no worshipful communion and helpful meditation except under the leadership of the one chosen minister. But this tendency has never been carried so far, to our knowledge, in this country as it recently has been in London, where the Bedford chapel was closed during the temporary illness of Rev. Stopford Brooke, because no one else could be found whom the congregation cared to hear. That there should be great choice in preachers, and that church-goers should have the right of selection, is obvious; but it is also obvious that any congregation, with associations accumulated around a common altar, ought to furnish a nucleus which, with or without the minister, summer or winter, ought to find delight in keeping the door of the church open, and the Sunday welcome warm to each other and to the stranger that may be passing.

Easter.

We like the expression Eternal Life better than everlasting life, because it suggests *quality*, rather than *quantity*. Continued existence is no great boon; mere deathlessness may be a horrible thing to contemplate: witness the “Wandering Jew”. The eternal life must be measured by intensity, rather than by duration. Continuation is an attribute, not the essence, of the Eternal Life. The Eternal Life is the life in love, in truth, in righteousness; it is immortal because *these* are indestructible. To find Eternal Life, one must needs clothe himself with law rather than take advantage of a miracle. One is saved by growth and not by a spasm. Character allies one to God. Love and helpfulness are the gateways to Heaven. We believe in the immortal life because we believe in eternal things. We shall be immortal so far as we impersonate eternal verities. We do not wish for a spiritual life that is smaller in its spiritual dimensions than the one we now enjoy. Here there is a chance for us to do a little towards making the ignorant wise, and the vicious gentle. Here Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, were permitted to walk as angels of helpfulness, through long aisles of mangled humanity. Here Doctor Howe was permitted to open the prison bars that shut in the soul of Laura Bridgeman, and to enlarge the cell wherein the idiot dwelt. We do not want to go where there will be less patience for weakness, less love for the sinner, and less opportunity to exercise these virtues. We deny that Jesus moved into a narrow circle when he rent the fleshly veil, and escaped the persecutors on Calvary. We believe in the endless life, because we believe in the Eternal Life, the life unconditioned by time and space. Jesus helps us into this eternal life of love and goodness by his life more than his death. New Testament parables are

worth more to us than New Testament miracles. The writings of Luther and Cromwell, the imperishable words of Milton and Wordsworth, are finer "intimations of immortality" to us than the incoherent utterances in Indian dialect that purport to come from a disembodied spirit, or the perishable writings of planchette. In those, rather than in these, do we find the inspiration that enables us to live with eternal things. Emerson says: "It is not my duty to prove immortality," but it is our duty to *deserve* immortality by living now as immortal beings. We know of nothing more pitiable than to see men and women begging for immortality, when they ought to be busy in trying to deserve it.

Such thoughts as these lead us to the Easter festival of universal religion. The bequest of all nations, rather than the gift of one,—it represents the irrepressible longings of the race. The thanksgivings of all nations ring in its carols. The triumphant life of Jesus and all his Christly comrades enrich its devotions; and Nature, the ever unfolding book of revelation in swelling bud, and bursting flower, in greening grass, and singing bird, puts Easter tributes in our hands, Easter joys in our hearts, and Easter confidences in our souls.

"The Things Most Commonly Believed To-day among us."

We think our old comrades who have been doing so much this last year to maim the Western Conference, have been trying in a wrong and hurtful way to get a right and helpful thing. The right and helpful thing is a choral affirmation of what Unitarians usually believe. The wrong and hurtful way is the attempt to secure this by resolving on a few doctrinal words to be understood as "essential" and binding on all who take the Unitarian name,—binding in the sense that, if one cannot with pure conscience use these words, he can be pointed to a Conference resolution and warned off as a dishonest intruder. This intention to require and exclude was plain from the outset,—in fact, warnings to begone were echoing widely before any resolution was proposed; but it has grown still plainer as discussion has gone on. A recent announcement, for instance, is that "a statement of the beliefs of a majority would not express what is fundamental and essential in Unitarianism"; so that there is no reason for "surprise that the proposal of such a statement was not satisfactory to the Christian-basis brethren at Cincinnati". It does not better the brethren's case to concentrate their demand on two or three words, almost universally accepted among us, and say, We only require the "general ideas" denoted by these words, without any definition or explanation of them. For this is still a *requisition*, a "Thou *must* believe"; so that the generous vagueness really lands us in that least intellectual, least religious, least availing, and most dangerous form of creed, a Shibboleth, i. e., a test of religious fellowship by words and sounds, instead of meanings. This is our old comrades' wrong and hurtful way of aiming at a right thing. And their wrong way had at last to be sternly faced and negatived at Cincinnati for the good of all concerned, themselves included.

But bar out the compulsion, bar out absolutely all intention to test by doctrines and to exclude, and their aim becomes—a choral affirmation of what Unitarians usually believe. Amen to that! That may be right and safe and helpful. If on careful thought it seem so, let us all join in it; and do this, not for *their* sake chiefly, whom it will not satisfy at present; and not for the sake of publishing the meagre claim that we are theists and are Christians—the world knows that; but for the sake of answering effectively what the world does *not* know and keeps on asking,—"What is it that Unitarians believe?" Let us do it as *missionaries*, speaking aloud and together so that at last the world can hear.

It was to this end that, last year at Cincinnati, the resolution proposing open fellowship, which was passed, was rounded out by our second resolution, offered in immediate connection with the first. We quote the words of both:—

"Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference conditions its

fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all who wish to join it to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world.

"Resolved, That while the above expressly represents the basis and width of our fellowship, and while the Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind itself or any single member by a declaration of doctrines, it yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us, the statement being always open to re-statement, and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority: and that to this end a committee of five be appointed to draw up such a declaration of belief, to be submitted to the Conference at its next annual meeting."

This second resolution no time was left us to discuss at Cincinnati, and it was rejected by a vote of 24 to 20. Better so than to have been passed by a bare majority. Not until most of us favor such a missionary declaration heartily, has the time come to make it. But had the resolution been heartily adopted there at Cincinnati, or rather, had the "declaration" been then and there submitted and heartily adopted, we believe, and the belief has grown stronger as the year has passed and we have met men east and west, that nearly all this year of trouble would have been avoided, that our friends would have had hardly an inch of ground on which to stand, had they withdrawn, and that the misrepresentations of the Conference would have carried their own refutation and condemned their makers. And we think that much of the "issue" trouble would soon disappear, were we to make such a declaration now.

Yet no wonder that that resolution was rejected. A Unitarian's natural first thought goes straight against all joint declarations of belief. All our traditions point the other way, and they rest upon well founded fears. Does not the history of every creed-bound body warn us? was it not creed-pressure that drove us from our own mother-church seventy years ago? and right in our midst, as this year shows, are not creed-dangers lurking still? All very true is this. And yet the other thing is so true, too,—that Unitarians have always been signally ineffective in missionary work, and that of this crippling one cause, at least, has been the people's difficulty in finding out "what Unitarianism means." In truth, this chronic question among outsiders has been a chronic question with not a few insiders too, the old as well as young. "Enter into thy closet to pray," said Jesus, but "preach ye on the *housetops!*" Through our individualism we have always preached in the closet, too. Seventy years of this; seventy *necessary* years, perhaps. But now as we enter our third generation of church-life, now as we near the new century, now when the Spirit is beginning to stir deeply in us to carry our glad tidings unto others, now the question is worth asking seriously, Must the old tradition always cling? Must Dr. Channing's word forever be the Unitarian's watchword,—"Remember that I speak in my own name and no other?" Is there no way in which we can unite in affirmations of our faith and at the same time avoid credal dangers? We believe there is a way, and that it was suggested in the double Cincinnati resolutions: (1) Open wide the Unitarian fellowship; make its basis purely and frankly ethical, not doctrinal,—thereby fulfilling the fathers' glory and the children's pride, that "Unitarians have no 'creed'"; eliminate the last remnant of that *Crede* element; and (2) Then begin, all credal danger past, to pronounce together the great *Credo* common to our hearts and minds. (*Crede* means, "Believe thou must!" *Credo* means an "I believe"). Pronounce that *Credo*, taking care anew, in justice to reluctant voices and to the helpful differences among us, to enstructure in the very words we use the fact that we utter what binds none, not even those who speak it—nay, that a face-fact of faith with us is expectation that to-morrow's vision will be larger than to-day's.

We hope the Western Conference at its coming meeting may be willing to consider the right, the safety, the advantage of such a declaration. The *right* and *safety* and *advantage* of it. That the Conference has the *right*,—that the declaration, made in that way, infringes by no

shadow's fall on the congregational and individual liberties we all must guard,—we tried to make clear in the last **UNITY**.

As to the *safety* of it,—what *are* credal dangers? (1) The spirit of exclusion; (2) limitation set to intellectual progress; (3) shibboleth and evasive double-meanings, when creeds are reduced to a single word or two. Try by these three tests the thing proposed. How does it exclude? Its whole spirit is that of welcome, and it specifically says, "binding on none." How can it limit progress? Its whole spirit is forward-looking, and it specifically says, "our thought to-day," and "ever open to revision." And how can it tempt towards shibboleth and double-meanings, when its whole spirit is liberty? Let any credalist try to use such a declaration as a coercive instrument, and it would not even be a boomerang,—it would be a lively cannon turning round on its own center to hurl liberty-clauses at the recreant and protect the one he aimed at! Such a declaration, joining ethical fellowship *and* faith, the world would rank, not among the "creeds", but among the charters of religious freedom.

And that would be one *advantage* of it. The devil is but an angel out of place—an angel usurping functions not its own. Every devil has potentialities of good in him. To utilize the devil is the secret of each advance in civilization,—some obstacle is converted into aid, some danger into safe-guard. So it is with this thing called "Creed". In all its *Crede* forms it is devil: eliminate the *Crede* principle, and lo, an angel stands before us called *Credo*, potent to serve and bless! She waits to serve and bless through *us*. We ought to speed her on the way. When it becomes *safe* to join in affirmations of belief, it becomes our *duty*—a duty that we owe the world. We Unitarians *must* somehow learn to give out our faith more generously.

The first good, then of such a declaration of faith as we propose, would be its missionary service. Not that any *great* result from it will startle us. Much more than a choral affirmation it takes to touch men deeply with our, or any, faith: yet people will hear *that* who never hear our closet whisperings. It will help more than many preachings, more than many tracts, to answer that chronic question with which our ears ache, "What do you believe"? And made in the way proposed, it would exhibit Unitarianism in its true shape and proportions, i. e., as more distinctively a method and a spirit in religion than a body of religious doctrines. "Here are our doctrines", it would say; "but great, inspiring as they are, we hold them *in that way*". By what other means could our method and our spirit be *so* effectively illustrated? And should our Western Conference next May resolve upon this act of faith, the notoriety—for shame or glory—that our Cincinnati resolution has given us would make the word a far more signal announcement of what Unitarianism stands for than any it was in our power to make a year ago. That widened missionary service would be reward for the hard year.

Greater yet the good of such a declaration to Unitarianism itself. (1) It would lift us to a higher spiritual plane to base our Unitarian fellowship, below sacred name or rite or doctrine, solely on the deep things of the Spirit,—truthfulness and righteousness and love; trusting the sincerity and warmth of our free worship to generate whatever other atmosphere we need to draw our own to us, and keep those not our own away. It would make our theism, noble now, of a still nobler type to make it free, to treat it as the belief inevitable, to trust it, unprotected by one "necessary" word, to the thousand words which our unceasing speech and life should give.—(2) It would develop a freer, better-working kind of Congregationalism among us. Under our distressing individualism, both majorities and minorities are suffering; the former lose their rightful chance to act,—the latter, as this late experience shows, are not protected against dishonoring challenge. The plan

proposed secures the rights of both; to the former the due opportunity for influence,—to the latter, freedom of dissent without disfellowship.—And (3) it would exorcise by one operation the twin superstitions of our Unitarian heart, the two devils of fear that have so long possessed us, hampering us in every work from the beginning. "What are the two?" *We fear uncredal fellowship,—and equally we fear a creed.* But what danger in that open fellowship proposed, if with it comes the choral *Credo* which most of us believe? and what danger in that choral *Credo*, if with it comes the opened fellowship? We do not wonder that some friends were frightened at the Cincinnati work,—for we did but half the deed. Suppose that we had done the other half alone, then frightened friends, instead of "Atheism!" would have cried out "Creed!" The secret lies in bravely driving *both* our devils out *together*. Until we rid ourselves of *both*, Unitarianism is doomed to remain the paralytic church that it has ever been. When we have rid ourselves of both, we shall have less time to *talk* about "the Unitarian opportunity", for we shall be using it more. We shall be in attitude *to use it*. This brings us round again to that "missionary" gain. We set a Pauline yearning and a Pauline method against a Petrine fear and Petrine method. We long for ten years of the self-reliant self-surrender to which that double declaration would commit us Unitarians,—long for ten years of those "dangers!"

The plan proposed has nothing new about it, except its frankness and its fullness. In principle it is the plan on which the National Unitarian Conference is now organized. The doctrinal position of the National Conference was intentionally indicated by its founders in a few phrases ("the Lord Jesus Christ", etc.,) inset in its Constitution; and by the last article, added to the Constitution in 1882, these phrases are, as expressly, declared to "represent the opinions of the majority of our churches", and to be "no authoritative test of Unitarianism", and to be "not intended to exclude from our fellowship anyone who, while differing from us in belief, is in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims". In other words, the National Conference tolerates, where the Western Conference, by its act at Cincinnati, welcomes; the National Conference lets in dissenters at a postern-gate broken through the wall, while we have one front gate for all. The National Conference seems to make the spiritual fellowship subordinate to doctrinal beliefs, while we (were the plan proposed to be adopted) would be far more communicative and helpful as to the doctrines, and yet would distinctly make them subordinate to the spiritual fellowship,—which, if we mistake not, is the way the two things rank in the Supreme Courts of Religion! But in *principle* the two Conferences would then be organized alike, each indicating Unitarian doctrinal belief, and each declaring that belief to be the belief of only a majority and not a test of Unitarianism and the Unitarian fellowship. Whatever objection would hold against *us* on this score, holds against the National Conference already. But if frankness, explicitness and rightly proportioned emphasis be objection, we would have to bear that reproach alone for awhile. It ought, in fairness to the National Conference, to be added that its position has been affected by historic circumstances from which the Western Conference is free.

"But it would be hard to frame a statement of beliefs satisfactory to most; or, if done, hard to keep it satisfactory without constant change." Not so hard, and no such frequent need of change, as possibly we think: for, if framed in the way proposed, there is no longer need of exacting the precise shape and shade of one's own thought. "To set forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us, the statement being always open to re-statement and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority,"—is the thing suggested. If we meet ready in heart to do that thing, the noblest of the statements offered would probably command a large assent;

for we surely do think very much alike. Or it might be well to agree upon two quite variant statements and let the vote for each reveal the Conference mind: that published variance would again illustrate the spirit and the breadth of Unitarianism. As to the *kind* of statement, we think it should be no two-word or two-line claim that we believe in this or that, nor the three or four lines which we might naturally use for a church-covenant, but something that would answer with brief fullness that question of inquirers, "What do Unitarians believe?" It should be an effective missionary tool.

In the last *UNITY* a change in the "fellowship" resolution passed at Cincinnati was proposed in the interest of an exacter justice—a change that would place that resolution by the side of the declaration concerning doctrines, under the "majority" preamble. In some form or other we hope the Conference may be willing at its next meeting to consider all afresh, appending without farther delay the declaration of belief. If it should not only consider, but with one heart and mind, or nearly with one mind, should *approve* the measure, we think that, within ten years, all around our churches, west, east and English, some uplift would be felt from it; that our Western Conference deed would prove an object-lesson both in faith and in the missionary business; that it would tend both to the spiritualizing and to the organizing of Unitarianism everywhere.

The consolidated resolutions, two or three minor changes being also made, might fall into some such form as this:

Resolved, that while the Western Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member by declarations concerning fellowship or doctrine, it yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us,—the statement being always open to re-statement and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority.

Therefore, speaking in the spirit and understanding above set forth, we, delegates of the Western Unitarian churches in Conference assembled at Chicago, May—, 1887, declare our fellowship to be conditioned on no doctrinal tests, and welcome all who wish to join us to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world.

And, inasmuch as many people wish to know what Unitarianism stands for, we, speaking always in the spirit above set forth, make the following statement of its past history and our present faiths.

To which preamble the "statement" should be added. Should the Conference consider these suggestions, more than one such statement ought to be submitted to it. We may ask our readers' leave to print in another *UNITY* such a "statement" as it seems to us desirable to make.

W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Twins.

"I BELIEVE" AND "THOU MUST BELIEVE."

"Credo," "Crede," were two brothers,
Scarce they knew themselves apart;
One in voice and one in feature,
One in thought and one in heart.

While the boys still played together
Crede ever took the lead,
But the lusty fellow *masked* it,—
All was "Credo's" word and deed.

Many a prank he led his brother,
Into many a cruel shame;
Was it banning, was it burning,
Crede smote in Credo's name.

Oft he made his brother victim,—
Credo stood at Crede's stake:
Still the burner wore the halo,—
All was done for Credo's sake!

Thus to manhood: then the Angel
Dawned in Credo's noble grace,
And the Devil slowly faded
Even in dark Crede's face.

Burning now was all in dogma;
Banning only barred the door;
Crede sailed as missionary,
Pleaded in revival lore.

Crede died among his heathen,
Saying with his latest breath,
"I am Credo, brother Credo,—
It is Credo's day of death!"

Credo spoke in thousand voices,
Credo blessed by myriad hands,
Credo's benedictions showered
Gospels over all the lands.

Science, listening half-averted,
Mindful of her blackened youth,
Found his music shaping for her
All her boldest dreams of Truth

Art anew plied stone and canvas,
Left her old cathedral tower,
Soared in poems, swept in anthems,—
Credo taught her hour by hour.

Duty heard her two commandments
Blending into deeper one:
Credo sang it, "Love of Neighbor
Is the Love of God well done."

Lands they listened! Lands they echoed!
Credo's chant of faith out-rung,
Organing as mountain-valleys
Thunder praise with mountain-tongue!

W. C. G.

Retribution.

The excellent sermon on Retribution, by Rev. Arthur M. Judy, printed in *UNITY* of March 26, reminds me of a noteworthy characteristic of Theodore Parker, on whose whole ministry in Boston I was a punctual attendant. I never heard him pray for forgiveness, the pardon of sin, and never heard him teach that it should be prayed for or desired. Believing, with various Scripture writers, that God will deal with every man according to his works, whether good or evil, he took for granted that chastisement would certainly follow sin, and that the wrong-doer must necessarily suffer for every unrighteous thought, word or deed. But, believing also, with another Scripture writer, that the rod as well as the staff of the Heavenly Father is designed for the comfort and welfare of His human family, Parker taught that His chastisement for wrong-doing was to be welcomed with thankfulness as a benefit, not deprecated as if harmful. To this effect are the following extracts from the published volume of his "Prayers":

"Are we weak,—and we know we are,—give us strength; sinners,—and our heart cries out against us,—chastise and rebuke us until we repent of our sin."—Oct. 6, 1850.

"We remember the millions of our brothers whom our fathers chained, and whose fetters our wicked hands have riveted upon their limbs. O Lord, we pray thee that we may suffer from these our transgressions till we learn to eschew evil, to break the rod of the oppressor, and to let the oppressed go free."—Nov. 27, 1856.

"O Lord, we pray thee that we may suffer for all the wickedness that we commit, till we learn to turn off from the evil of our ways, and execute thy commandments, and follow after the righteousness which thou hast written in our heart. We pray thee that thou wilt chastise us in our property and in our lives, till we learn to put away from the midst of us the yoke of bondage."—Feb. 22, 1857.

"We remember our daily lives before thee, the wrong things which we have done, and the unholy thoughts and evil emotions which we have not only suffered in our hearts but cherished there. We pray thee that thou wilt chasten us for these things, and that we may suffer and smart therefor till we turn from every wrong."—Jan. 31, 1858.

"Father, we thank thee for any suffering which comes upon us for wrong doings, knowing that thereby thou recallest us from the evil of our ways, and would save our souls from suffering yet worse."—March 21, 1858.

The view thus given of the dealings of the Heavenly Father with his human creatures still seems to me, as it did thirty years ago, the view most honorable and therefore most reverential to Him. By this both his justice and his love are vindicated. Instead then of supplicating for pardon and mercy, let us welcome the chastening rod which proves to us, through all the experiences of life, that we are worse off for every indulgence in wrong-doing; let us thankfully adore the love which shows us in this life, and no doubt will continue to show us in the next, that welfare can be attained only by righteousness; and let us cling with confidence to that highest view of God's purpose and action which assumes that He can and will permanently gain the victory over every instance of human depravity and perversity, letting no soul escape evil until it ceases to choose and to do evil. C. K. W.

The Origin of Snow.

Written for the Study Section of the Fraternity of the Church of the Messiah, Chicago.

Long, long ago, I dare not say how long,—
Perhaps the age of which the poet sung
That even Father Time was gay and young
And not yet settled down
To systematic work in months and days,—
Juno and Jove sat in a shady place,
Whiling away their time in various ways
On Mount Olympus' crown.

When suddenly, before their wondering eyes,
There came a blooming youth, in mortal guise,
Who in his hand held like some precious prize
A box of Russia leather.

Jove did not know him; but it was, in truth,
He whom we call "Old Prob", then in his youth;
And then, as now, his thoughts and words, forsooth,
Were all about the weather.

"Pedlars and agents are not wanted here!"
Said Jove; his tones were terrible to hear,
And Juno, though she tried to look severe,
Enjoyed the fun the while.

But young Prob stood before the astonished pair,
Serene as one who knew not fear nor care;
Tho' Jove began an awful frown to wear,
And Juno would not smile.

"Your Majesty", calmly responded he,
Producing as he spoke a silver key,
"I've something here that you may like to see,
"Although my own invention.
"Thro' many an anxious day and sleepless night
"I've labored, all unconscious of their flight,
"And the result I claim, is worthy quite
"Your Majesty's attention."

As thus he spoke, raising the box to view,
He turned the key, and up the cover flew;
Then with his breath a sudden puff he blew.
Before their wondering eyes
A flock of feathery flakelets, white and fair,
Whirled from the box and fluttered through the air,
Hither and thither, floating everywhere
Like white-winged butterflies.

They decked each tree and bush with blossoms white;
They fell on Juno's hair all glistening bright;
When she would catch them, vanishing from sight
In her white hand so warm.

She clapped her hands, and laughed aloud in glee,
And Jove forgot his wrath, and smiled to see
Her merry mood, while noting carefully
Each crystal's perfect form.

Then Juno took a handful from the ground
And shaped it to a ball, smooth, white and round,

And dropping Jove a courtesy profound
She turned with childlike pleasure
Where groups of goddesses her coming wait,
To show the wonder, and the tale relate.
Young Prob with Jove was thus left tête-à-tête
To urge his cause at leisure.

All that between them passed I must not tell;
Jove questioned much, and the youth answered well;
And tho' night's shadowy curtain round them fell,
And Juno was complaining,
Still in low tones went on their earnest chat
On the effect of this—the cause of that—
Till morning came, and there the two still sat,
Expounding and explaining.

They could not leave the fascinating theme
Till Prob related every darling dream,
From glacial epoch to vanilla cream,
And the toboggan slide.

He solved each knotty problem o'er and o'er,
And proved each step with scientific lore;
Probed every difficulty to the core
Till Jove was satisfied.

At last he rose—"I make but one request;
"Give me yon world, that I may try my best
"With practical experiment and test"

He cried with eager face.

Then Jove looked up, and, as it chanced, his eye
Fell on a bright young planet whirling by,
Fresh from the mint, and whizzing thro' the sky
To its appointed place.

"Granted," said Jove—"it's yours for good or ill.

"Mix up your snow, and scatter it at will.

"Here's rain, cold, wind and clouds, just take your fill,
"A million years from now

"Please call again, and your success report;

"If all goes well—your fortune's made, in short."
And Prob retired from the monarch's court
With many a grateful bow.

Did he succeed? Why, if you think so, yes.
So much depends on what you *call* success.
What pleases some, to others brings distress.

Then, too, we know not whether
The million years have passed. But this we know;
Taking the seasons as they come and go,
With frost and sunshine, wind, rain, hail and snow,
We get queer things in weather.

R. P. U.

Comfort.

Blessed be Nature's recuperative forces, stored in her beauty of sky and wood and river and meadow and wayside flower!—in the very chemistry of her soil! And blessed be hard work! It is *that* which saves and "comforts" us.

We are always surrounded by beauty, by helpfulness, by "comfort", if we but open our eyes! We do not need to soar for any of these, nor dive for any of them. We shall find them if we look about us *near to*. God's quiet, eternal stars are reflected, ever, in the river that runs by our doors. The very God-life is in the throbbing, warm caresses of our children's hands and lips, and gleams in our mothers' smiles!

When once we begin aright to recognize that we,—all of us,—individually,—not a few high souls only over the world,—are capable of soul-perceptions, capable of thought-flashes, and helplessnesses, which are direct gleams, always, in *our* souls, from out of the universal soul,—then shall we gladly disburden our lives of much of their "hoarded treasures of

old rubbish", and be, thenceforth, free, serene, "comforted", forevermore. And strong, also.

We seek, too much, mere emotional drugs of being. There is such a thing as Heroic Bearing. And of a surety, in the very act of the self-striving, if done with the high, pure, purposeful intent of becoming a true, soulful conqueror under the universe's divine methods of operation, the loftiest heights of human peace, of human greatness, yes, of human-divine blessedness, become ours. Self-reliance links us to the strong forces of the worlds; to the developing energies of the spheres,—which forever work on as a Mighty Will.

"Strong and wise thou canst not be,
Knowing naught of agony",—

nor yet if the lingering, frequent-coming, corroding obstacles and griefs of life be not led by us as captivity captive.

JAMES H. WEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Deaf-Mutes.

EDITOR OF UNITY—I see in a recent issue of UNITY a request for information regarding the deaf-mute schools in Chicago. Prof. P. A. Emery, 43 South May street, near Madison, is the principal of these schools in the city. There are schools for these people in every part of the city. By addressing Professor Emery as above, your correspondent will receive the desired information.

Respectfully yours,

W. S. WELLER.

Chicago, March 28, 1887.

"Blessed be Drudgery."

EDITOR OF UNITY:—One of your UNITY leaflets, by W. C. Gannett, has the heading "Blessed be Drudgery"—a good title to a good leaflet. I mean not a fairly good one, but one of the very best. It is short, but gold is less bulky than common rock. It is full of strength and wisdom, full of grace and wit and common sense. I wish a million of those leaflets could float away on the wings of the wind, as I used to see the elm leaves wafted freely and far from the great elms in my native New England. Far away in my early boyhood were those days when I lay on the grass, looking up into the lofty and wide-spread foliage and wondering how far those "elm blows" would float; but before taking time for this dreamy luxury all my blessed drudgery was first done,—the garden was hoed, the wood sawed, the wood-box filled, the water supply cared for, all the tasks and chores finished, and that finishing made the dreamy hour on the grass a boy's luxury. Blessed be the memory of the good father and mother who always trained me to do my work well and on time.

I call to mind the year spent as clerk in a large hardware store. Work and care were constant. Toil and moil among iron and steel and piles of heavy goods, book-keeping, and no end to the constant duties. Sometimes it seemed hard, yet I knew my employers were never unkind. I was only under a thorough training. Now, after a half century, I can say: Blessed be their memory! Habits of persistent and courageous industry, of order and system and promptness, formed or strengthened then, have made the labors of life easier, the joys of life sweeter, than would have been possible otherwise.

I am not going to write a dissertation, but only to call attention to what Mr. Gannett has said so well on the discipline of work and its high importance in forming character. To muster out work and not let it waste us, to do the drudgery of body and brain, yet not be drudges, to feel that culture comes of labor and not from idle dreams, that high thinking comes of plain living more than from luxurious ease, is the aim and idea. Let everybody, especially all the young folks so unfortunate as to have been "born with al-

gold spoon in their mouths", get this leaflet and read it thoughtfully.

Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., March 14, 1887.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Progress from Poverty. By Giles B. Stebbins. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 25 cents.

This volume is little in size, for it covers only 64 small pages, but large in thought and effective logic. As an answer to Henry George's two works—"Progress and Poverty", and "Protection or Free Trade"—this performance has many claims upon the reading public, being short, timely, interesting, instructive, courteous, very fair, and powerful in argument. Several other reviews and criticisms of Mr. George's remarkable position on the land question have been published, yet not one has pointed out, as this one does, the great wrong and harm inextricably interwoven with his system—that is, its inherent tendency to place on the road to despair all who accept his opinions as true, with all the consequences which follow from desperation. The writings of Henry George cannot fail to cultivate a fierce discontent, bitterness and resentment of mind, distaste for steady industry, impatience with the slow gains of self-denial and economy, and a spirit of wrath and revenge, leading straight on to strikes, idleness, suffering, and acts of violence. A book with such evil influences cannot possibly be endowed with correct principles. Nothing worse can befall a man than to lose hope in the efficacy of his efforts. Perhaps it is for this reason that nature abounds with evidences of hope. The sun disappears only to rise in the morn; wintry death is succeeded by the rejuvenation of spring; the grave of the acorn becomes the cradle of the oak; the rainbow spans the skies with a joyous sign; and all the realms of phenomena are aglow with bright promises. It is thus with history also. Religious persecution was the badge of recent ages; now, at least in this country, there is perfect tolerance; serfdom has gradually eventuated in freedom; the houses without chimneys or windows have developed into abodes of comfort, where even the poor enjoy what was once beyond the reach of wealthy ancestors; the day's labor which, at the start of this century, was from sunrise to sunset, has dropped to ten, nine, and even eight hours. This radical idea of progress *from poverty*—this idea of an increasing betterment in the condition of society—is presented by Mr. Stebbins in many forms of argument and illustration, to prove that the facts deny Mr. George's theory of progress *toward poverty*. As adverse evidence is piled upon adverse evidence, until the array becomes formidable and then overwhelming, the reader is forced to the conclusion that Mr. George has built his hypothetic system upon a parcel of bold assumptions which have no support in experimental circumstances; and that he is only a closet-thinker—one who ranges through his mind and his library for his general propositions, without testing their accuracy by actual measurement with the outcome of long experience, or going out into the world of occurrences to make comparison with certainty. Mr. Stebbins shows very clearly that wages are not falling, but rising; that the tendency throughout the United States is, on the average, to decrease, not to enlarge, the size of the holdings of land; that wages are not high where land is low, but high where land is high, man and land thus increasing in value together; that advance in wages is not concurrent with advance in interest; and that capital is not produced by muscular labor alone, but still more by the directing power of mind, conjoined with industry, invention, self-denial, economy, and wise laws—all of which proofs flatly contradict Mr. George. It is also shown that the latter, in attributing poverty to private ownership of land, has left out of the problem some radical and indispensable factors, as drink, tobacco, gambling, and other costly vices, the expenditure upon which, if saved and applied to the betterment of workingmen, would suffice, in a few years, to raise them to a level of comfort never before

attained, and at length enable them to own their homes and to be comparatively independent; all, too, in the presence of the two so-called robber systems—private land ownership and tariff protection—which are made responsible for the poverty of the manual toilers.

The second chapter of the work is devoted to a refutation of sundry assertions in Mr. George's "Protection or Free Trade." It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Stebbins, in that department of criticism, is an expert of eminence. For many years he has been engaged in studying all the various phases of the tariff question; he has often discussed the subject by tongue as well as pen; he is recognized as an authority; he is actuated by conscientious motives; and he would not stoop to misrepresent an opponent. Henry George never had a fairer reviewer; so, if he gets knocked down repeatedly by heavy blows from the logical clubs, fact and experience, he will have to attribute his discomfiture to his superficial statements and to his unfounded assumptions.

This little book deserves, and, be it hoped, will have a wide circulation and reading; for it is destined to carry enlightenment,—therefore to accomplish good, wherever it may go.

D. H. M.

Hints on Writing and Speech-Making. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co., 134 and 136 Wabash avenue.

This little book of 70 pages contains two articles by Mr. Higginson, one being "A Letter to a Young Contributor", from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the other, "Hints on Speech-Making", from *Harper's Magazine*. It is needless to say that both are treated with the author's own lively directness; both also contain wise and useful counsel. The following are good sayings from the first essay: "Goethe says that, if a person once does a good thing, society forms a league to prevent his doing another. His seclusion is gone, and therefore his unconsciousness and his leisure; luxuries tempt him from his frugality, and soon he must toil for luxuries; then, because he has done one thing well, he is urged to squander himself and do a thousand things ill." "Above all, do not seek to encourage yourself by dwelling on the defects of your rivals; strength comes only from what is above you." "To-day is a king in disguise, and this American literature of ours will be just as classic a thing, if we do our part, as any which the past has treasured." Regarding compactness of style Mr. Higginson gives the advice,—"Be noble both in the affluence and the economy of your diction; spare no wealth that you can put in, and tolerate no superfluity that can be struck out. Remember the Lacedemonian who was fined for saying that in three words which might as well have been expressed in two." We quote this in order to show that a skillful writer may offend by carelessness against his own rules. For the author has this sentence,—"Wendell Phillips rarely made special preparation; his accumulated store of points and illustrations was so inexhaustible that *he did not need to do anything more than simply draw* upon it when the time came." The italics are ours. We think they mark careless English. Here are twelve words which could be reduced to five, thus: *he needed only to draw*; or, if the author would think this not quite inclusive of all his meaning, he could reduce his phrase to eight words, thus: *he needed no more than simply to draw*. Mr. Higginson's style is very easy and bright, but he is far from taking the care needful to be an example of his own rule to "tolerate no superfluity." Nevertheless it is a good rule, and should be heeded more than it is; for whatever heeds it not is loose writing.

Foes of Her Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

Forced Acquaintances: A Book for Girls. By Edith Robinson. Boston: Ticknor & Co. \$1.50.

"Foes of Her Household" is a rather tame account of the vicissitudes of "sweet simplicity" among the unfriendly relatives of her dead husband. Supposed to be a mercenary adventuress and a supplanter, she nevertheless succeeds in

conquering all hearts by the "might of gentleness", and finally marries her young husband's favorite brother, thus restoring the property to the rightful heirs. There are many girls who have found in the cheery, wholesome atmosphere of this writer's former books an inspiration toward nobility of purpose in the homely routine of ordinary life, sufficiently helpful to outweigh the artistic shortcomings and inaccuracies. These will be likely to read the new book for the sake of the old favorites.

Of the same class, from perhaps a more original, though a less practiced pen, is "Forced Acquaintances", by Edith Robinson, which is a bright and interesting little story, with sufficient charm to make palatable the very wholesome moral of mutual forbearance between the members of one family. There are, moreover, some clever passages and quaint turns of phrase; and some others which are startlingly bad, as in the first page, where Doctor Ware is introduced "wringing out the last dish-towel with his handsome, physician hands".

S.

Sonnets in Shadow. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There are thirty-nine sonnets in this little volume, exclusive of the introductory and closing pieces, of which there are four, and all express phases of a personal grief. Naturally, little of literary value would be expected in such a collection; but Mr. Bates has given some lines, if not some sonnets, here, which are equal to the best of current productions of minor verse-makers. There is, often, in these pieces a freshness and aptness of figure quite striking, while the variety of illustration and of sentiment which marks the forty-three productions is very pleasing. One is occasionally reminded of Job in reading the speculative passages, though the reflections are all natural, and not in any sense quoted. Some parts of the sonnets are strained in expression, and there are some false rhymes; nevertheless, as already intimated, the collection is respectable for a group of verses expressive of personal sorrow. The sonnets are dedicated to "H. L. V. B."—the wife of Mr. Bates, who died a year ago last winter.

E. R. C.

The Will Power: Its Range in Action. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. New York: James Pott & Co., 14-16 Astor Place.

This is a thoroughly edifying book. We use the word advisedly,—edifying, building up. No one can read these chapters on "The Will in Relation to the Inherited Character", "The Will in Relation to Self-culture", "Will and Circumstance", "The Will Fight", "The Will in Disease", without being instructed, warned, incited and inspired. The style is easy and clear. There is abundance of illustration by fact and fancy. The tendency of the book is to show the supremacy of character not only over all persons, but over everything that is called circumstance—a salutary lesson. 184 pages.

English Synonyms Discriminated. By Richard Whately, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co.

No one need be urged to think a book of this kind useful, who thinks that clearness of thought and clearness of expression are useful, and that the latter helps the former. Whately's little work has been revised by the present editor. Pages 179, with classified table of contents and with verbal index of 7 pages in double columns. The index shows that over 600 words are delicately compared and distinguished as to signification. Nicety of words is no mean delicacy, and a critical study of them a good drill in exactness.

Two little leaflets for the Easter season have been issued by D. Lothrop Company. One, "Easter Lilies", price 35 cents, is a collection of Bible texts, prepared by Mrs. E. R. Fairchild, who, both in her preface and in her selections, seems to us to lay undue stress upon the resurrection of the body. The other, "Sunshine", price 50 cents, by Katherine Lee Bates, is a charmingly written poem, with a number of illustrations, in which the wild flowers and sunshine play their part in driving away the bad temper of a little lass who had hidden away in the grass in a fit of sulks.

UNITY CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.

The True Voice.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE UNITY CHURCH, ST. PAUL, BY THE PASTOR, REV. S. M. CROTHERS.

Published by the Congregation.

"His sheep follow him, for they know his voice; but a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers."—JOHN x, 4, 5.

Every message which comes to us involves three elements—the thought, the words by which it is expressed, and the tone in which it is uttered. We often take for granted that the thought is the only essential thing, and that it makes little difference how it is uttered, or by whom. But practically, we find that even the division lines between sects and parties do not always follow the line of cleavage indicated by logic. Fully as often the difference is in the method of expressing a common thought. There are words, hallowed by long association, to which we cling even after the original meaning has been forgotten. And people using the same form of words are attracted to each other, just as are people who speak one native language.

But when there is a similarity in thought and language, there still remains another element of attraction or repulsion: it is the tone in which the thought is uttered. Children learn the meaning of tones before they learn that of words. *What* is said they may not understand; *how* it is said they feel quickly. One tone means joy, another grief, another anger. Even animals understand this. The sheep, says Jesus, recognize the voice of their own shepherd, and obey it. The voice of a stranger they will not obey, though he speak never so wisely, simply because it is a strange voice. The tones do not express metaphysical distinctions and abstractions, but they do express the emotions of the heart. The intellect speaks in a language which must be with difficulty learned, but the heart utters itself in the primal language which has outlived all confusion of tongues. Indeed, speech is the least flexible medium for the expression of emotion. The inarticulate cry sufficiently expresses surprise, grief and passion; and pure aspiration breathes not in words, but the tones of music.

Now if religion be not simply an apprehension of the intellect, but is supremely a matter of the heart, it follows that it will be recognized more quickly and infallibly by its tone than by its words. We shall know it as we know the voice of a friend. And it is thus that we do continually recognize it. We hear men talking together. We hear one voice, harsh, irreverent, arrogant, and we say, There speaks an irreligious man. His voice sounds discordantly among the many voices that are in the world. Here is a soul that has not been attuned to the harmonies of the universe. We hear the voice of another and may not know what he is saying. But *whatever* he is saying, he is saying it modestly, and reverently, as if in the presence of something greater than himself; he is saying it manfully, with that earnestness which comes from personal conviction; he is saying it with all kindness, believing it to be for the good of those who hear him. It needs no analysis of his thought to tell us that that man is speaking religiously, for he speaks as becomes a true man and a servant of the Most High. We recognize the difference just as we recognize the difference between discord and harmony. The one is a stranger's voice, the other is the voice of a friend. He speaks our mother tongue, and our hearts burn within us as we listen.

That is the way great religions have grown up around teachers sent from God. Religious sects have divided and sub-divided over points of doctrine, and over verbal quibbles; but the religious spirit has only been awakened by the living voice. At the Master's voice it arises, and follows, that it may hear again.

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness", said John the Baptist. And Jesus, coming after, was also recognized by his voice. He spoke, men said, with authority.

We often talk of the "essential truth" of religion as if we

could find it and preserve it in some form of words; as if it were the residuum left when all personal qualities are abstracted. But the most essential truth can not thus be found: it is an element of personality. We ask what is religious truth, but we cannot understand it apart from a religious soul. There have been men so sincere that it was impossible for them to produce an absolutely false impression. Their mental limitations colored the light of truth, but could not shut it out. Through myth and fable, and outgrown theory the eternal verities shine, as in cathedral windows the blessed sunshine streams through the pictured faces of saints. And on the other hand there are those who can not repeat any form of sound words, without robbing it of its vitality, and "turning the truth of God into a lie".

"Now, consider the bearing of all this on the question of truth-telling. We often talk about speaking the truth as if it were a very common-place achievement; and people whose habitual talk is flippant and thoughtless pride themselves upon being truth-tellers.

How often we hear an arrogant voice passing judgment on questions which have perplexed sages: "I cherish no illusions", the man says, "I waste no time in meditation. I indulge in no poetry. I simply speak the plain, unvarnished truth." Ah, good friend, are you sure of that? If you can do that which you claim, you are worthy of all reverence; for it is not often in this world of chaotic thought and still more chaotic speech that one attains to that. Only now and then in ages is there a voice of such full compass that it can speak more than the smallest fragment of the truth. Seldom is there one so free from prejudice as to be able with perfect plainness to describe a fact as it is. But if you think that in that tone of arrogance you are speaking truth, you deceive yourself. We read of sacred oracles issuing from the mouths of beasts, from whispering trees or hollow rocks; but never did the word of the Eternal find fit utterance through the lips of shallow self-conceit.

Consider what it is to speak the truth. It is through our words to give some veritable representation of a reality. Not every fact can be represented by speech. As no picture can represent *all* the qualities of an object, so no words can give a complete reproduction of any fact. But what the artist attempts to do upon the canvas, the truth-teller tries to do by the use of words.

Do you not see what a wonderful thing this is, and how far short the best endeavors must fall? But what shall we say of one who, not realizing the difficulty of it, attempts in a few hasty words to declare the final truth in regard to anything? Shall we not think of him as we would of one who, with no knowledge of color or perspective, should attempt to paint a picture of a sunset. We would say, "Friend, if those splashes of paint represent to you a sunset, rest in peace and admire your work to your heart's content. Only because I do not enjoy your work do not say that I do not enjoy the beauties of nature."

So when any one tells me what he thinks about God and man and the world he is simply showing me the picture which he has made of these realities. And how inadequate all those word pictures are, to which we are often called to give the reverence which is only due to the things they are intended to represent. How grotesque often are the outlines; how crude the coloring; how absurdly wanting in perspective.

When the arrogant dogmatist brings out his elaborate articles of faith, or the arrogant skeptic parades his latest denials, the effect is the same. That which they call "The Truth" falls short of the reality which we have felt. After we have listened to their definitions we have to answer, "Is that all? That mechanical creature which you have described you say is man? Was it a man then who wrote the Iliad, or built cathedrals, or prayed to God, or died for his fellows? You give us your definition of God and what He can and what He can not do. Ah well, the word-builders may be forgiven for their poor imagery when we know how long He has borne with the clumsy similitudes of the stone-cutters! But if the God who made heaven and earth is no

greater than your thought of Him, it is passing strange that men should have ever dreamed of worshiping Him."

But no! when from the inspiration which comes from a direct outlook upon nature, or a direct contact with the Divine Spirit, we come back to our books, our sermons or our speculations, and are conscious of a sudden chill and disappointment, let us not be deceived.

Last summer the forest was wonderful in its dark beauty and you were strangely touched by it. To-day your friend shows you a picture of that scene which he painted on the spot. But the picture does not impress you as being cool or restful or in any degree lovely. Do you say, How mistaken I was in that forest scene? Do you not rather say to yourself—I remember the spot which this picture is supposed to represent, and it misrepresents it. It is not a true picture.

So when in our deepest experiences we become conscious of realities which transcend our definitions and elude the analysis of our science, let us not deny the felt reality, but rather say, We have felt the influence of facts for which we have yet found no fit utterance.

All speech must be inadequate to express the full realities; but we can at least make it suggestive and symbolic of the reality. The test is that our words shall, at least in some faint degree, produce the same impression as the facts for which they stand. To do this is to speak truly. Need I say that to attain to this in any way is the work of a life-time. The voice of the truth-teller must have in it no trace of self-sufficiency, or it will misrepresent the truth it would declare. Tennyson describes the growth which is in grace as well as in knowledge:

"One indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed
Who struck a jarring chord at first
But ever sought to make it true.
Perplexed in faith but pure in deeds
At length he beat his music out."

The first expression of an independent opinion is apt to strike a jarring chord. The individual word does not harmonize with the universal consciousness. Hence come all manner of schisms and misunderstandings. It is not enough that the new word stands for a fact which can be demonstrated. It must be spoken truly.

We sometimes wonder at a certain conservative instinct among those most naturally religious. They are repelled by novelties and say, "Tell us the old, old story".

In part this may be a weakness, but in part the instinct is one which has its justification. In the old, old, story there is likely to be a quality which is not to be found in the latest statement of opinion. No doctrine can pass through believing souls, and be uttered, generation after generation, by believing lips without coming to have in its expression a certain truth—truth not necessarily to the external fact, but to the nature and needs of those who utter it. Even the harshest doctrines thus come to have a certain tenderness and sacredness; even "as the trees that whisper round a temple soon become dear as that temple's self".

And so to the fervent apostle of some new idea which he is sure is the gospel the world needs, we can only say, "If you believe it proclaim it, with all the earnestness that is in you; but if the world is slow to accept it do not blame the world too much. For the world is old, and has heard many voices as confident as yours, which have come to nothing. Your voice is that of a stranger,* your first work is to make it the voice of a friend. Go preach your gospel to every creature; if it can not be thus preached and is fitted only for some circle of the initiated, you may be sure that it is not so important as you had thought. Tell it to the young and hot-blooded and see how strong it is for guidance or restraint; tell it to little children and see if it harmonizes with their pure instincts; tell it to the sick and dying and see how much of comfort there is in it; tell it to the poor and the struggling and see if it is indeed tidings of great joy to them. When all this has been done, and the false glitter of novelty has worn off, and your word has become in its turn an old, old story, you will be able to estimate in some measure its spiritual worth.

There are in the world many kinds of voices: there are

sacred voices, reverent, earnest, hopeful; and there are profane voices, harsh, scoffing, cynical. It is for the sacred voices that we listen. It is not enough to say that truth is mighty and will prevail. Much depends on how it is spoken and by whom.

All about us are young minds opening to the facts of the world. In some shape these facts will present themselves—but who will be the interpreters? Shall it be a revelation of life, of joy, of God, or only a fatal knowledge of good and evil? Shall the truth be learned from the sacred voices of parents and friends and trusted teachers, or shall they be left to hear it from the profane and strange voices? How much of impiety and impurity arises because those who could speak most wisely are silent upon so many of the most vital questions. The boy learns some things from those whom he reverences; and these things always seem holy and beautiful. Other facts he is allowed to learn from the unclean lips of those whom he meets upon the street, and these seem to belong to a lower world, casting discredit on all with which they are connected. The positive side of religion he learns at home and in the church. The elements which might inspire doubts are concealed. Do you wonder that when these doubtful elements are forced upon his attention he is apt to cast the credible things aside also? Happy is he who hears all that concerns him through the same friendly medium, who hears the same voice speaking of the care of the soul and the body; who hears the same voice which proclaims the realities of faith, pointing out also the necessary limits to our knowledge: then does Truth not appear divided against itself, but stands all pure and radiant in seamless robe.

There are those who shrink from the responsibility of religious instruction because of their consciousness of their own liability to error. They fear to teach what must afterwards perhaps be painfully unlearned.

But there is a truth of tone and of temper which may belong to one who makes no pretensions to infallibility. *What* you teach may be discredited, but *how* you teach can never be a thing of little import. Your words may be forgotten, your thought may be outgrown, but rest assured that the sincerity and earnestness which you may have manifested will remain a harmonizing, inspiring influence through the future years. A modern scholar, who has passed from Romanism to the extreme of rationalism, tells us how still he is influenced by his early teaching, and compares it to the legendary city which was swallowed up by the waves, but whose church bells were still heard, after many years, ringing in sweet melody beneath the waters.

It is no narrow duty, then, this of the right utterance of our heart's belief. To express our belief arrogantly, is to clothe it in the tawdry garments of our own self-conceit; to express it controversially is to arm it with sword and dagger, and so send it against our neighbor. No wonder that he repulses it. The hidden truth we saw and loved is not what arouses his antagonism, for he only sees our vulgar caricature of it.

Our work is not simply to find truth, but also to speak it in love and simplicity. To rid ourselves of our prejudices and our personal affectations, to cultivate our sense of spiritual harmony, to learn the meekness of wisdom—this is our first essential. Only when our faith has worked by love and purified our souls, will it harmonize with what is best in our neighbor's soul, and be recognized for what it is.

LAST month's issue of *Shakespeariana*, the one periodical devoted exclusively to topics connected with Shakespeare, has for the leading article "Portia and the Office of Woman in the Serious Comedies." Other articles continue the series on the editors of Shakespeare, and the department called the "School of Shakespeare". This number contains a course of historical reading in Richard II. The usual departments of Shakespeare societies, the drama, reviews and miscellany are presented. Philadelphia: the Leonard Scott Publication Co.

THE HOME.

Easter Bells.

Easter bells are gaily ringing,
Life pervades the air;
Children's voices, sweetly singing,
Banish thoughts of care.
The bird on the bough is chanting away,
The sun bids the flowers arise to the day;
Tho' dark my winter may be,
The sunshine will come to me.
Bright Easter bells joyously ring,
A precious hope ye bring!

All that's true and all that's noble,
All that is divine,
Shall above decay forever
Rise, and live, and shine,
The flowers lift their heads from long winter sleep,
Their graves have no terrors, tho' gloomy and deep.
Ah, why should mortal then fear?
Our maker, our God is near.
We'll burst the bonds of our night,
And dwell in the blessed light.

AUBERTINE WOODWARD.
(AUBER FORESTIER.)

Madison, Wis.

Three Seeds.

One furious gust of wind on that boisterous and unrelenting day in October, wrested three remaining seeds from the tip of the last head of Scarlet Cacalia in the garden, and sent them frisking off into the open lot adjoining. That was a blithe moment for them. Ripened and fully fledged for flight, they had only waited the sufficient force to tear them from their parent stem, and start them on a mission of their own. They were like three hearty young people going out into life for themselves, conscious of capacities developed ready for use, and longing for the unfolding of new ones. The children, who loved to visit the garden, had been fond of "poor pussying" the feathery tops of "Flora's paint brushes," while they were still firm and well closed in by the parental calyx. Perhaps it was something in the touch of little fingers which caused the plump wings of these three to cling so closely together that they sailed through the air without separating. Down they came at last, caught by a whirling leaf, and settled rather suddenly into a convenient jog not far from the cart path running through the open space. Then the dust whirled in on them, while another leaf fluttered down, making them a nice warm blanket, and so they fell asleep.

Near the last of the next April they began to waken, and sleepily whispered to each other as an occasional impulse seized them to stretch and make ready to bestir themselves. They could not, so easily as we can, jump out of bed and slip from their night-dress into the clothing for the day. Their sleep had been longer and the waking must be more gradual. It would take a regular tug to get out of that bit of a brown night-dress. Not a vestige remained of the flimsy wings that had helped them to fly so far away from their old home. Neither the wings nor the wind could help them now. If they went into the world again away from their cozy nook, it must be by other helps; by the stirring of new instincts within them. If they were to grow they must strike both ways; they must reach downward and cling fast, if they would aspire upward and live outward.

Said No. 1, "I'm longing to be off. How can we do it?" No. 2, "Let's stay here. I'm comfortable." No. 3, "My jacket is so tight I believe I shall have to tear it to get out of it. But get out of it I must or I shall suffocate!" and with a push and a squeeze, open came the jacket. The little seed had just drawn a long breath of relief, when, crash! What had happened? This open lot was a sort of thoroughfare for carts, cows, small boys and girls, etc., and a cart load of stone in passing through had got a little way out of its track. The

thing which had happened was that a stone had rolled from the cart and landed directly on the spot where the three seeds lay awakening. "Something has killed me," moaned No. 1. "I'm so shocked and frightened I never can get over it. Yes, let's stay here." "I told you so," sighed No. 2 faintly, "We'd better stay where we're comfortable," and she went to sleep again, but somehow,—never woke up.

No. 3, having just burst her jacket, felt the crash more than either of the others. But she had also just known the joy of a full, long breath of freedom; she had inhaled the fragrance and felt the warm loving touch of the good All-Mother Earth, so she sooner recovered herself than they, and answered, "But I wasn't comfortable staying here; I think I must go and find out what it was that frightened us so." Only No. 1 remonstrated, for No. 2 was asleep. "I haven't the least idea how I can go, nor how I can find out," she continued, "but now that my jacket is open I can reach out and feel around here. Perhaps I shall find something by-and-by. It smells nice and fresh out here, although it is all dark,—why don't you get out of your jacket, too?" "Oh, dear, don't speak of it!" quivered No. 1, as she shrunk up closer into herself, folding her little brown wrap so snugly that it was all wrinkled; and then she too went to sleep and didn't wake again.

Later in the summer a brother and sister were walking through the lot and sat down to rest near by. "See what a strong, hardy bunch of paint-brushes," said Florence. "The seeds must have blown over from that garden, and then this big branch has got lodged over the place and kept the cows from nipping the leaves. It is ever so much more thrifty and firmly rooted than those in our garden. They most always have such little roots for their big leaves that the plant gets all loose and torn up by the wind." "Let's pull away the brush," said Dan, "and get at it. Just look here! They are growing up all around this stone, and such big, full blossoms! I wonder if the stone made them root better. We can try it next spring. I'd like to know how many seeds there were in all." "We'll pick your little scarlet brushes, my dear, and show them to their cousins in our garden, so they will want to grow as fine as you another summer." "Clear the track!" sang Dan. "Here comes a new installment of underbrush to save them till we come again."

E. T. L.

It is from out of our direst consternations bravely met and well lived through, that the fairest blooms of our heart's Easter come.

Evening Calm in Early Spring.

There is a calm which steals upon the heart
As fade the beams of daylight in the west.
The cares of day with its last rays depart,
And peaceful twilight settles in the breast.

There is a voice then speaking of the past
In tones like far-off music to our ears;
To bring the sigh, the shade of sadness cast,
While yet he feels a happiness who hears.

The stars peer forth and look with chilling gaze
From underneath the eyebrows of a cloud.
Beneath, a darker cloud, which hides all rays,
Hangs from the mountain's shoulders like a shroud.

And, gleaming through the softened evening shade,
A raft of moonlight lies along the stream
Which feels the kiss of gust, then, half afraid,
The dimpling waters light with merry gleam.

While checkered shadows limn our lonely way,
Glow at the setting sun each treetop's crest.
And skies that lowered at the close of day
Light with glad thought, and gleam along the west.

J. N. Eno.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Pacific Coast.—Rev. Charles W. Wendte is visiting Southern California in the interests of our cause, and arranging for increased missionary effort in that quarter. He reports that Rev. B. F. McDaniel is preaching to overflowing congregations at San Diego, and a new or an enlarged church edifice is imminent. A fine deposit of coal has been found near the city, and Lower California is being opened up for settlement, assuring the further increase and prosperity of the town.

—At Santa Barbara Rev. A. W. Jackson has a largely increased congregation. The church lot is in a valuable business location, and has already quintupled in value, assuring a new and better church edifice in the near future.

—In Los Angeles Dr. Eli Fay continues to draw large congregations to the Opera House, and is the most popular pulpit orator in Southern California. The fair held by their Ladies' Association for the church building fund netted \$3,000. Dr. Fay has recently withdrawn the application of the Los Angeles society for aid, and they will hereafter pay their own way. This saves the A. U. A. treasury \$1,500.

—In Oakland the new society continues to prosper, and is enjoying at present Rev. A. M. Knapp's lectures on art, and able discourses. This society has assumed half of Rev. Mr. Wendte's salary—a further saving of \$1,500 to the Boston treasury. A Unity Club, of which the poet, John Vance Cleary, is president, and which is studying Concord Authors, and a promising Woman's Auxiliary Conference, have recently been organized.

—The San Francisco society has sold its church, endeared by many historic associations, but now surrounded by business structures, for \$120,000. A new edifice will be erected at once in the heart of the residence quarter. Mr. Wendte recently organized in this church a promising Woman's Auxiliary Conference. Dr. Stebbins is thought to be preaching better than ever this winter.

—The Sacramento society is prospering under Mr. Massey, a scholarly and devout man, and deeply in earnest.

—Spokane Falls, W. T.—The new society organized at this point is awaiting the coming of its pastor-elect, Rev. E. M. Wheelock, under whose experienced and able guidance we may look for a strong Unitarian church in this young Minneapolis of the northwest. Eleven men recently subscribed \$1,100 toward this new movement.

—Tacoma.—Mr. Greer's society have planned an attractive and useful church structure. The location is an admirable one. The Unitarian Building & Loan Fund has lent \$1,500. The entire cost will be \$5,000. Mr. Wendte hopes to lay the corner-stone in June next.

—The Seattle society holds its own, and plans are maturing for its permanent and prosperous establishment.

—At Salem, Oregon, we have a foothold, and will ere long have a society.

—The Portland society is weakened and saddened by the removal of prominent members of the church. But this is a strong congregation, and Mr. Eliot a host in himself.

—The Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches will hold a session in Portland on June 12, 13, 14 and 15. Doctors Horatio Stebbins and Eli Fay, and Messrs. Wheelock, Greer, Eliot, Jackson, Massey, Spriggs, Wendte and others will take part. Revs. T. J. Van Ness and Robert Collyer are also expected.

Toronto.—In the view of the present demand for a more *national* Unitarianism, it was a pleasure to the senior editor of *UNITY* last week to do something towards developing the *international* Unitarianism, that is sure to lead the way into the inter-racial and universal Unitarianism which is his hope and faith. Twenty hours from Chicago, and he was in Toronto, to take part in the installation of Rev. A. T. Bowser, as pastor of the Unitarian church of that place. The weather was bright, clear and crisp, and the church was filled on Wednesday evening at the installation exercises. The sermon was preached by Grindall Reynolds of Boston, secretary of the A. U. A. The installation prayer was offered by Mr. Jones of Chicago, the charge to the pastor by Mr. Cutter of Buffalo; the welcome on behalf of the parish by G. M. Rose, of the board of trustees, and the talk to the people by Mr. Jones. The present writer may be indulged in saying, that all the parts were good, but to one listener, at least, the freshest and most inspiring was the breezy talk of the layman, who graphically told the story of thirty-five years of life, the humble beginnings, the loyal standing by the flag, through long stretches of vacant pulpits by the laymen, sometimes reaching into years, and the labors of Dall, Mellen, Bygrave, and other faithful pastors. The next day the three visiting ministers with a cordial local convoy "did the town", and found it a bright Western-American city of a growing hundred and thirty thousand people. If Brooklyn is the city of churches for America, Toronto must be the city of colleges on this continent. Here have been gathered most of the higher schools of all the religious denominations in the province of Ontario. Above them all is the University of Toronto, that looks suspiciously down upon the standards of Harvard and Yale. Here American applicants for university honors at Oxford and Cambridge in England, go for their examination. It has a building that is the richest specimen of Norman architecture that is probably to be seen on the American continent, a building worth a trip to Toronto to see, with its rich entrance, and its rarely carved ceilings.

Thursday evening we gathered at the church again, and although we had Patti's voice to compete with, the church was well filled. We were to talk about Unitarian principles, according to the programme, but the spirit moved the good secretary to speak on the Unitarian opportunity, the good doctor from Buffalo to tell of the new theology movement, and the editor of *UNITY* to speak of *character* as the word in this coming religious life and organizations, and the new pastor's word and joy welded the three speeches into one. Next day the visitors went their respective ways, carrying with them pleasant memories, and hopeful expectations of the Unitarian church at Toronto.

Philadelphia.—At the last meeting of the Unity Ethical Association, Camden, Miss Alice Ames related some of her college experiences to an interested circle of listeners.

—Weston closed his series of addresses on Buddha on the morning of the 27th. As giving apt finish to his studies, he had present on this occasion Tatin Baba, a Japanese traveler, who gave some account of the state of the Buddhistic faith as it impresses a rationalistic native. Baba has been lecturing at the Franklin Institute and the University here, and evidently possesses a ripe and generous mind. His English is quite good, and has that indefinite charm which always distinguishes the early handling of a language by a talented stranger.

—Ames has delivered his California lecture in Unity Church, Camden. Walt Whitman comes next in the course.

—Mangasarian wrote a letter to certain orthodox ministers of this city inviting them to accept the hospitality of his platform and explain to his people the reasons they hold against his movement. Of the four messages sent, two were unanswered and two received refusals. This gave rise to certain obvious criticisms from Mr. Mangasarian.

H. L. T.

Boston Notes.—Our winter courses of Sunday lectures and week-day classes are closing as Easter approaches. Much good work will however still be done before warm weather comes on.

—At the late notable tribute to the poet Longfellow, the popular authors taking part in the select readings were remarkable men of whom any religious denomination might be proud. Hale, Holmes, Howe, Higginson, Curtis and others. The financial result was about five thousand dollars.

—Our spring local conferences will emphasize missionary work at home and in the west. They will also turn their faces toward the uses of the coming anniversary meetings.

—Rev. J. H. Heywood will soon visit his early home and parish in Louisville Ky.

Janesville, Wis.—The tender privilege of speaking the word of love and appreciation over a faithful mother in our Israel, and a devoted parishioner of former years, Mrs. S. L. James, enabled the editor to realize once more with joy the good and faithful work that is being done there by Rev. Joseph Waite. The two parishes in Janesville and Baraboo, under his charge, were never so flourishing, either in point of interest or attendance, as now.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

Third Church, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. Choral Easter service at 10:45 morning. Evening lecture at 7:30 p. m. by W. Alexander Johnson. Subject, "The Industrial Transition". The Literary Club on Tuesday, April 12, at 8 p. m. The charity section on Wednesday, April 13, at 4 p. m.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Pastor, Rev. David Utter. Services at 10:45 A.M. Sunday-school at 12:15.

UNITY CHURCH, corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Minister, Rev. T. G. Milsted. Services at 10:45 A.M. There will be a reception at Unity Church Industrial School, 80 Elm street, on Saturday, April 16, from ten till five. The day nursery will be open and the work of the sewing classes shown. There will be an exhibition of the kitchen garden at 10 o'clock—of the kindergarten at half past eleven. Lunch will be served from twelve till two by the cooking classes connected with the school. To all who are in any way interested in the institution a cordial invitation is extended. Take Larrabee street cars on Clark street.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Sunday, April 10, at 11 A. M., Easter Festival. Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. The course of lectures on the great religious teachers of the world will be resumed in the church next Sunday evening at 7:30. Subject: "Moses, the Hebrew Lawgiver". There will be a course of lectures on Womanhood; or, Talks to Mothers and Daughters, on the following dates. Lectures begin at 3:30 P.M.

April 8. "From Girlhood to Womanhood." By Dr. Elizabeth Chapin.
April 15. "The Influence of Expression Upon Development," By Mrs. Frances Parker.
April 22. "Narcotics and Stimulants," By Dr. Julia R. Low.
April 29. "Social Purity," By Miss Frances Willard.
May 6. "Embryonic Wedlock," By Dr. Leila G. Bedell.

Season tickets, \$1.00; single admission, 50 cents.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club Room, 175 Dearborn street, room 93. Monday noon, April 11. Rev. Mr. Utter will lead.

MUSIC HALL, HINSDALE.—Rev. J. R. Effinger will preach an Easter-day sermon at 11 A.M., Sunday, April 10.

REV. A. A. HOSKIN, formerly connected with the Methodist Episcopal church, has applied to the Committee on Fellowship—appointed by the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches—for recognition as a Unitarian minister, and his application has been granted. He is, therefore, commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

J. T. SUNDERLAND,
JOHN C. LEARNED,
JOHN R. EFFINGER

Committee for the Western States.
March 17, 1887.

THE twentieth annual meeting of the Free Religious Association will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, May 26 and 27, commencing with a business session, for hearing reports, electing officers, etc., in Vestry Hall, 88 Tremont street, on Thursday, May 26, at 7:45 P. M.

F. M. HOLLAND,
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BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Inter-State Commerce Act. By John R. Dos Passos. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. 125.	1.25
Natural Law in the Business World. By Henry Wood. Boston and New York: Lee & Shepard and Charles T. Dillingham. Cloth, pp. 222.	.75
Daffodils. By A. D. T. W. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 131.	1.25
A Club of One. Passages from the note book of a man who might have been sociable. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 249.	1.25
His Star in the East. A Study in the Early Aryan Religions. By Leighton Parks. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 292.	1.50
Franklin in France. From Original Documents. By Edward E. Hale & Edward E. Hale, Jr. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cloth, pp. 478.	3.00
Forced Acquaintances. A Book for Girls. By Edith Robinson. Boston: Ticknor and Company. Cloth, pp. 394.	1.50
American Patriotism. An Essay. By Putnam P. Bishop. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. 144.	.75
The Story of the Nations: The Story of Ancient Egypt. By George Rawlinson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. 408.	1.50

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